Eng. Poetry vol. 38.

POET's *Impartial Reply*,

To a POEM, ENTITLED

The IMPARTIAL:

An *Addreſs* without *Flattery*.

BEING

A POET'S FREE THOUGHTS,

ON THE

Situation of our *Public Affairs*, AN' 1744.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1744.

(Price Six-pence.)

(Price One-Penny)

LONDON

A POET'S FREE THOUGHTS

BEING

AN ALLEGORICAL

THE IMPARTIAL

TO A POET

POET'S Impartial

TO

IGNOTUS,

AUTHOR of the IMPARTIAL, a POEM.

SIR,

I Am as little desirous of being known to you, as you are to be known by the Great Original of the Picture you have drawn. If I have the Honour to be among the lower Class of Poets, *I am content; but perhaps, I am not entitled to that* Distinction, *because few Poets have that honest regard to Merit, to praise the Writings of another. I rank myself among the Number of those, who (as far as I am capable of discerning) admire a Beauty wherever I meet it: I have found some in your Poem; more than I at present care to point out to you; for as* YOUR *Address is without Flattery, I would not have* MINE *thought to be Otherwise.*

I have not attempted, nor had I a Genius, to imitate your lofty Stile; and though our Sentiments pretty nearly agree, yet I have only given you a Sketch of mine in a different Light.

I hope the Freedom I have taken in repeating your Name in this REPLY, *will not be thought to extend the Bounds of a* Poetical License; *I have had no other Meaning in it, than to be esteem'd by you as I am,*

SIR,

Your Admirer,

And most Obedient Servant,

ANTIQUÆ.

POET's *Impartial Reply*,

To a POEM, entitled

The IMPARTIAL, &c.

AWake, my Muſe; to the *Impartial* Sing;
Stretch out your Plumage, and expand your Wing;
Call every pleaſing Image forth to View,
Aſſiſt my Fancy, and my Fame renew.
Blaze in the great *Machiavelian* School,
Paint the *Knee-Crooking*, *Servile*, *Knave* or *Fool*;
Or *Fawning*, *Flattering Slave*; who plays his Part
With Chains Ignoble, on his *Coward-Heart*.
Be this the Theme,—— and bid the Graces Shine,
Let eaſy Numbers flow in every Line—
Thy Suppliant with you, at your Shrine ſhall meet,
And Humbly lay the LAURELS at your Feet.

Back on the Times with Pleaſure I ſurvey'd
"*Wave-worſhip'd* BRITAIN, whom the World obey'd,
This *Sea-Girt* ISLE, who gave to *Europe* Law,
Who kept inſulting Nations under Awe,
When HENRY's, —— or ELIZA's Thunders Roll,
The *Fear-felt* Nations ſhook from Pole to Pole;
Imperious *France*, *then* bow'd to BRITAIN's Throne,
And every Realm obey'd HER Pow'r alone.

Such

Such ONCE was BRITAIN — now, alas! no more,
Unaw'd, *Unmov'd*, they hear her Thunder Roar,
Bid with Defiance all our boasted Fame
To find out Valour in a *Briton's* Name;
Call us the *Dupes* to *Europe's* jarring K——s;
At Home Corrupted, *servile Fools* and *Slaves*.
" Whence this amazing Change? IGNOTUS, say,
Who are the *Authors* of this Fatal Day?
IGNOTUS Rose, — invok'd the sacred Nine,
And paid Obeysance to their *Hallow'd* Shrine.
Close in the deep Recesses of a Wood,
Circled with Laurels round, their Altar stood;
A pleasing Stream along the *Midwood-shade*
Ran slowly Murmuring to an opening Glade;
The Glade, wide-spreading, to a Fertile Plain;
The Plain extending to the distant Main;
Wide and more Wide, th' *unbounded* Prospect lay,
And Thousand various Graces, ever gay,
Brighten the Scene, expand their Beauties round,
And ever Blooming, spread th' enamel'd Ground:
'Twas here IGNOTUS found his *Genius* fir'd,
His subject NOBLE, and Himself Inspir'd.
Of Patriot Statesmen, pleading *Britain's* Cause,
Her Rights, her Freedom, Liberty and Laws,
Her Guardians once, Protectors of her Fame,
Now sunk in Slaves, and —— every nameless Name;
The Traiterous *venal Slaves*, of every Age,
IGNOTUS sung —— but blotted out the Page;
Let Titles, Ribbands, and Distinction fall,
To hail Great *C——t*, who, " in-orb'd them All".

Even *O——r——d*, *B——b*, and *S——s*, neglected lay,
To pave for *C——t* a more glorious Way.
As in the SEA, the *Trent* and winding *Thames*,
The *Severn*, *Kennet*, and a Thouſand Streams
Are ſwallow'd up —— ſo ſhall in future Times
A *C——rt——*'s, *W——ld*'s, and *P——x——t*'s noted Crimes,
In *C——t* all be loſt ———— Amazing Man!
Who could ſo bold, ſo firmly lay his Plan;
He wing'd his Way through Faction's rancorous Spight,
And ſoar'd, exulting, in the Realm of Night.
'Tis HE, *Britannia*'s Sons, who Guards the Throne,
Who Acts, who Sways, and Arbitrates Alone.
Tell me, ye *Courtiers*, *Patriot-Criticks* tell,
Did ever *W——p——e* manage half ſo well?
Corrupted, Brib'd, Cajol'd, you kiſs HIS Rod;
But ~~*Bully'd* now, you Fawn the awful Nod.~~
You Slaves, who once oppos'd your Maſter's Way,
Who Fawning, Cringing, Flattering, Now obey;
Whence all this Noiſe? this Buſtle from afar,
This FARCE of *Warlike Peace*, and *Peace-like War*?
Why is our *ſcatter'd Navy* on the Deep,
Why like Poor *H——d——k*, do they Sabbath keep?
Like *G——*, and *W——ſ——* they ſhift their Sail,
And ſteer their Veſſels ſafe through every Gale,
High on the Surface of the Surge they Ride,
Like *wavering Sano* ——, toſs'd from Side to Side.
Are theſe the Fruits of Change?—— myſterious Things!
Are Truth in Miniſters, and Power in Kings?
C——t alone, the *Great*, the *Good*, the *Wiſe*,
Conceals theſe Secrets from your piercing Eyes.

Hail *Courtiers*, *Patriots*, each diſtinguiſh'd Name,
The Bubble once, ——— now loſt in *C*——*t*'s Fame.
See *P*—— wiſely yields, and owns his Power!
And *B*——*b* ſtill hankers for the golden Shower;
Stoops for a Place, a Penſion, or a String,
And is the ſame, low, wretched, *nameleſs* Thing.
T—*b*—*k*, can Flatter, Lye, and play his Part,
And call forth all the *Prieſtly*, fawning Art;
Can Bend the Knee, and gravely kiſs the Rod,
To gain a *Mitre*, not to ſerve his God.

Young in the Arts, in Politicians Schools,
Among the Noiſy, Independent Tools,
Half Wiſe, half Fools, half Cowards, and half Brave,
P——*l* Labours a Diſtinguiſh'd Slave.
Between each Party both the *M*—*b*—*rs* Ride,
For *E*—*w*—*n* Balances the other Side.

What is this Farce of momentary Power?
It Riſes, Shines and *Fades* in one ſhort Hour.
Grant me, ye Gods, my Freedom and my Health,
'Tis all a *Briton*'s Glory, all his Wealth.
Who wou'd with *P*——'s Riches be a Slave?
Who'd barter Liberty, or be a Knave?
Who'd bow the Knee to Pow'r, to gain a Place?
Who'd ſeek their Smiles, or value their Diſgrace?
'Tis wretched all; even *W*——*rs* will be Free,
And who ſo mean, ſo bad a Wretch as he?

Let me, IGNOTUS, in the Summer's Heat,
Retire contented to ſome lonely Seat,
Where ſome clear Streams around its Borders ſtray,
And ſportive *Fiſh* among its Pebbles Play,

My

My Morn and Evenings Haunt ; —— the midwood Shade,
For Solitude and Contemplation made,
Secreted thence from ſight of Humankind,
I'd find a Thouſand Charms to pleaſe my Mind.
Attentive to the little *Songſters* Strain,
Whoſe Pipes melodious echo o'er the Plain,
From their Harmonious Notes I'd learn the Art
To charm the Ear, and captivate the Heart ;
Through the green Vale, or on the riſing Steep,
I'd ſometimes mingle with the Harmleſs Sheep ;
Or on the Summit view the Proſpect round,
Woods, *Rivers*, *Vales*, and all th' enamel'd Ground.
In Liberty, IGNOTUS, here I'd dwell,
In Innocence enjoy my homely Cell ;
Laugh at the *Knaves*, deſpiſe the *Coward*'s Fate ;
Unenvy'd let them be the *Slaves of State*.

FINIS.